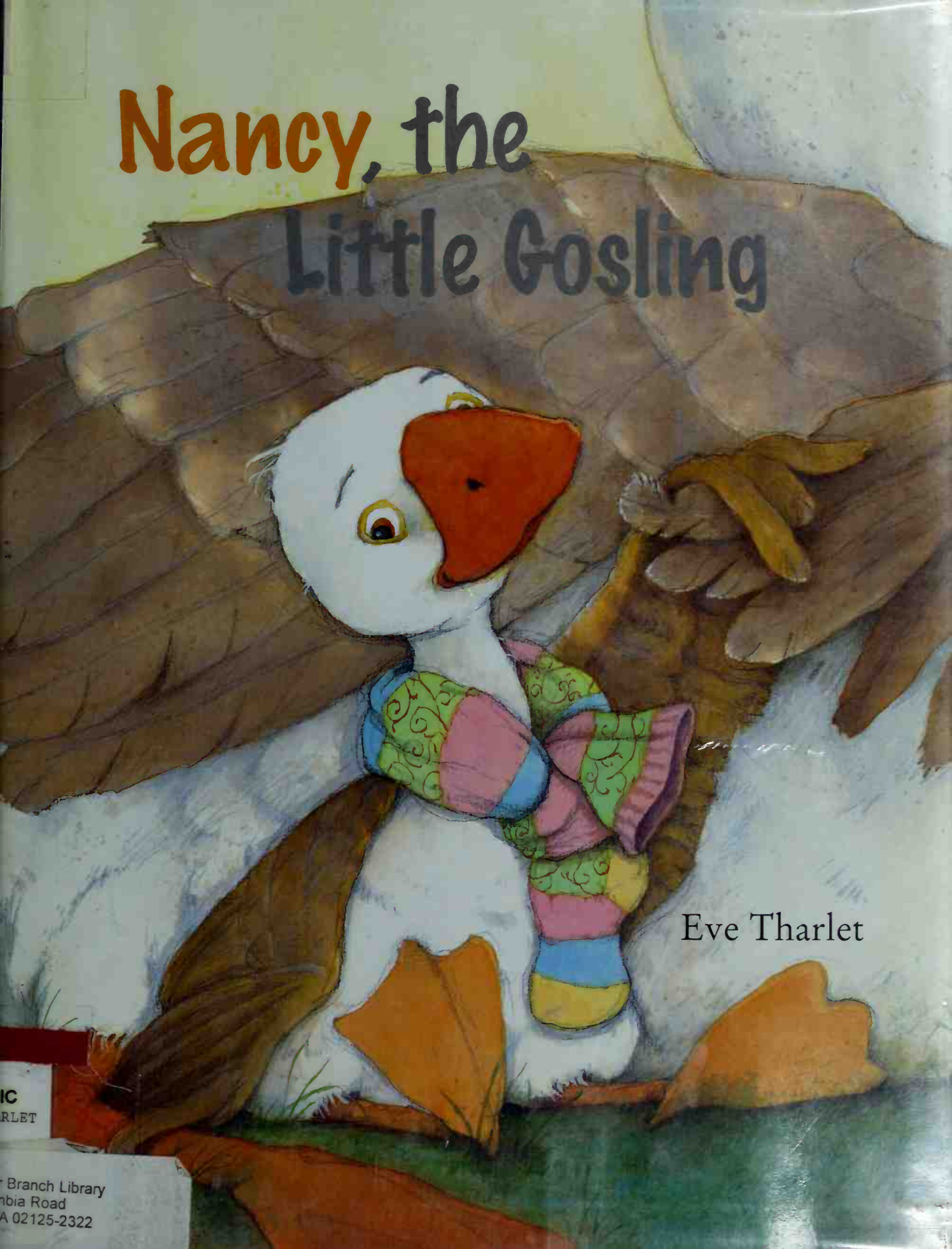
# Nancy, the Little Gosling



Eve Tharlet

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All the little goslings take to their flying and swimming lessons like a goose takes to water. But not Nancy. She doesn't even like to swim. Who ever heard of a goose that doesn't like to swim?

But she knows she loves watching the butterflies, and when her mother asks her what she wants to be when she grows up, Nancy replies, "A butterfly researcher!" The trouble is how do you keep up with a butterfly when you can't even waddle or swim? Maybe by forgetting you don't know how...

In this funny, encouraging book, beloved author-artist Eve Tharlet shows us the lessons we can learn from those who waddle to the beat of their own drummer.

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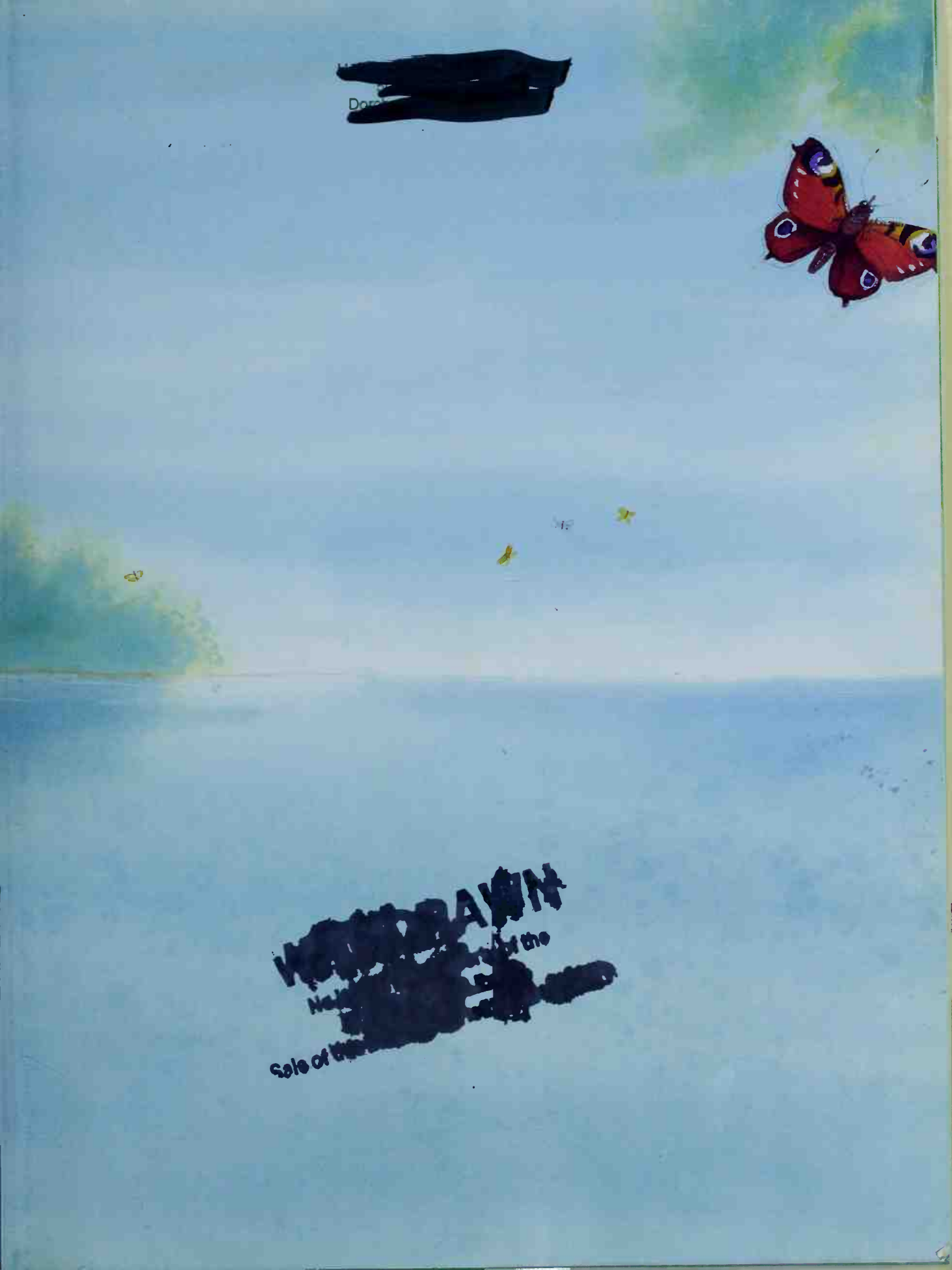

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Translated by Charise Myngheer

# Nancy, the Little Gosling

Written and Illustrated by

Eve Tharlet

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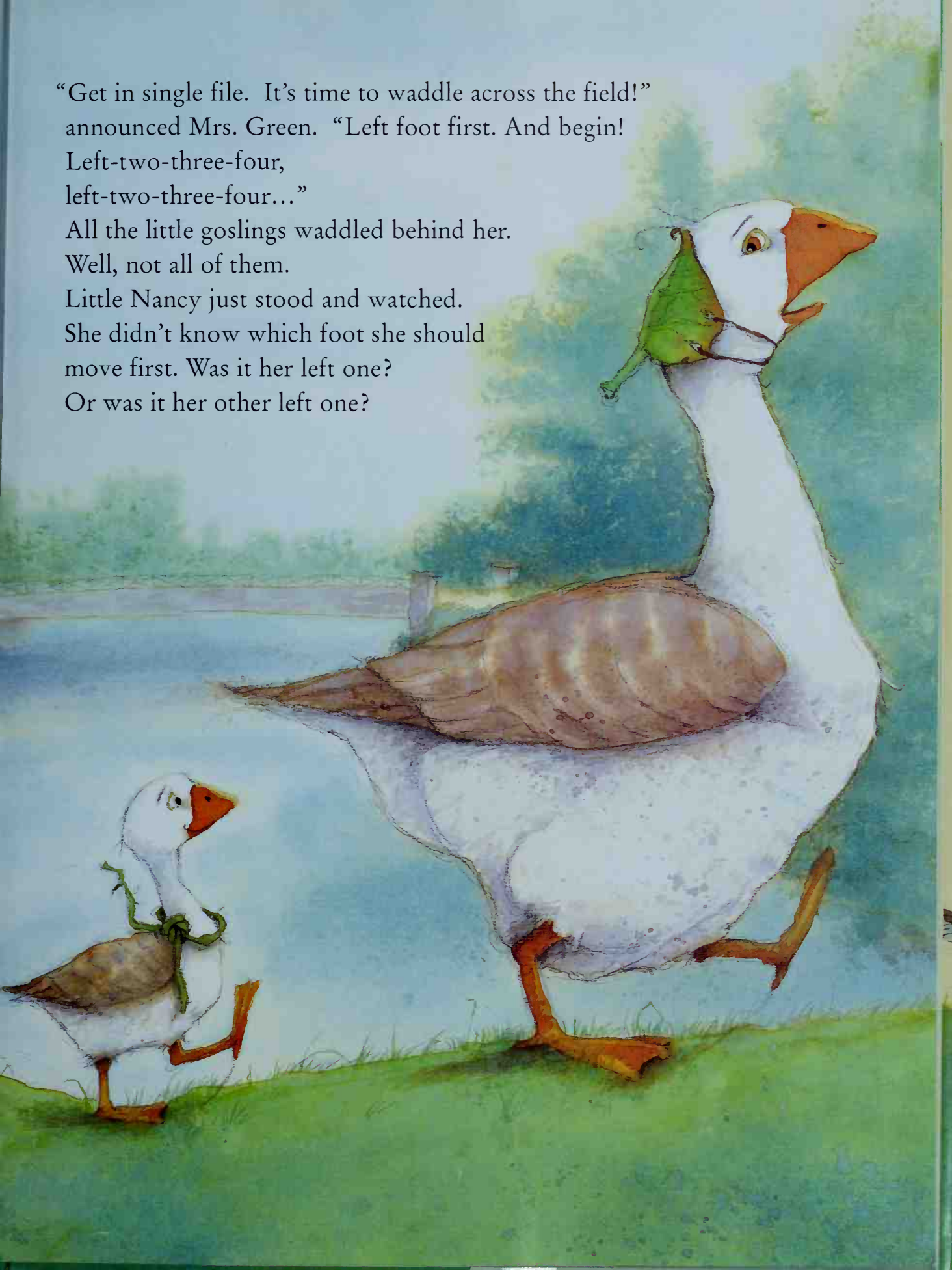
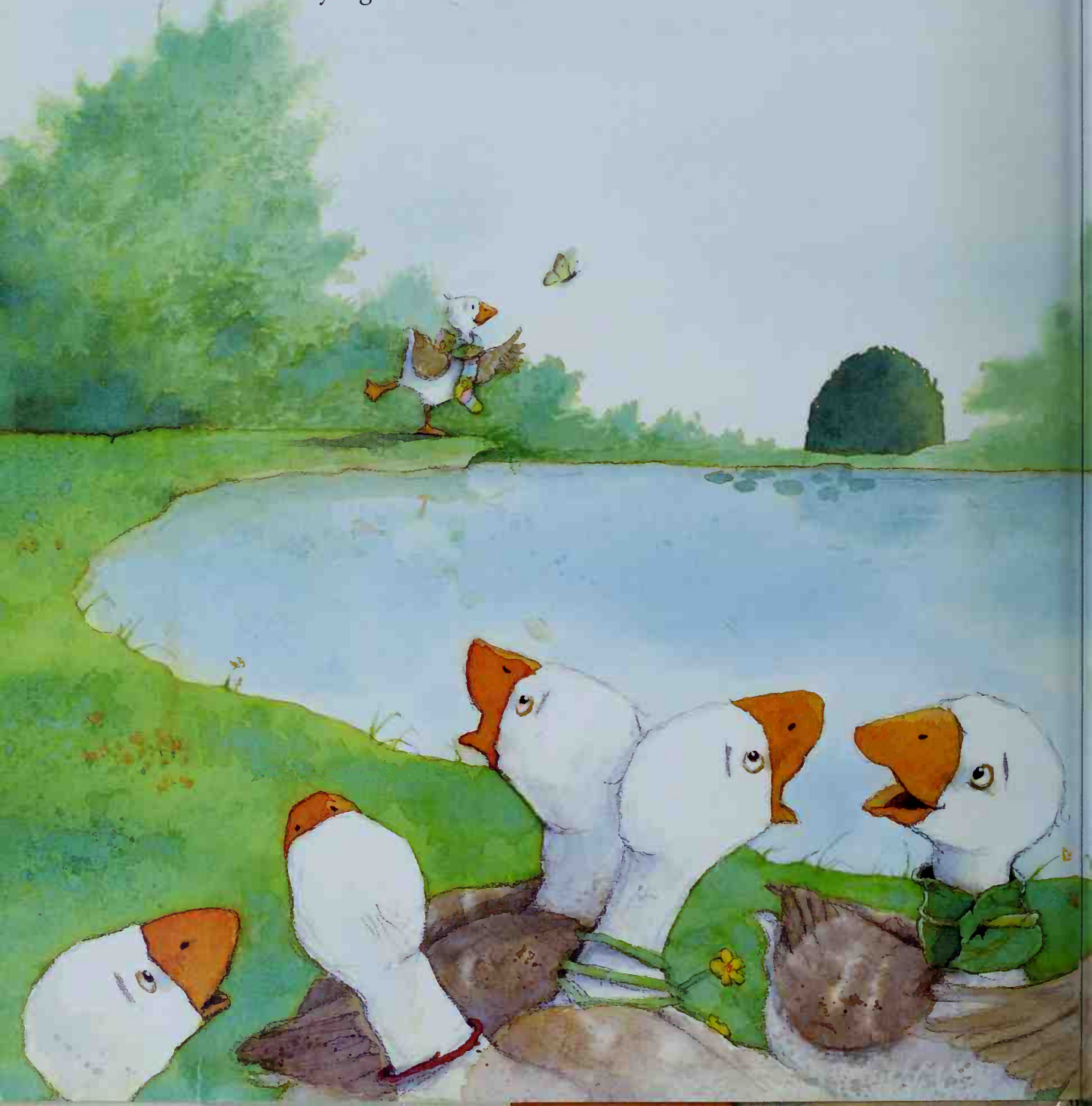
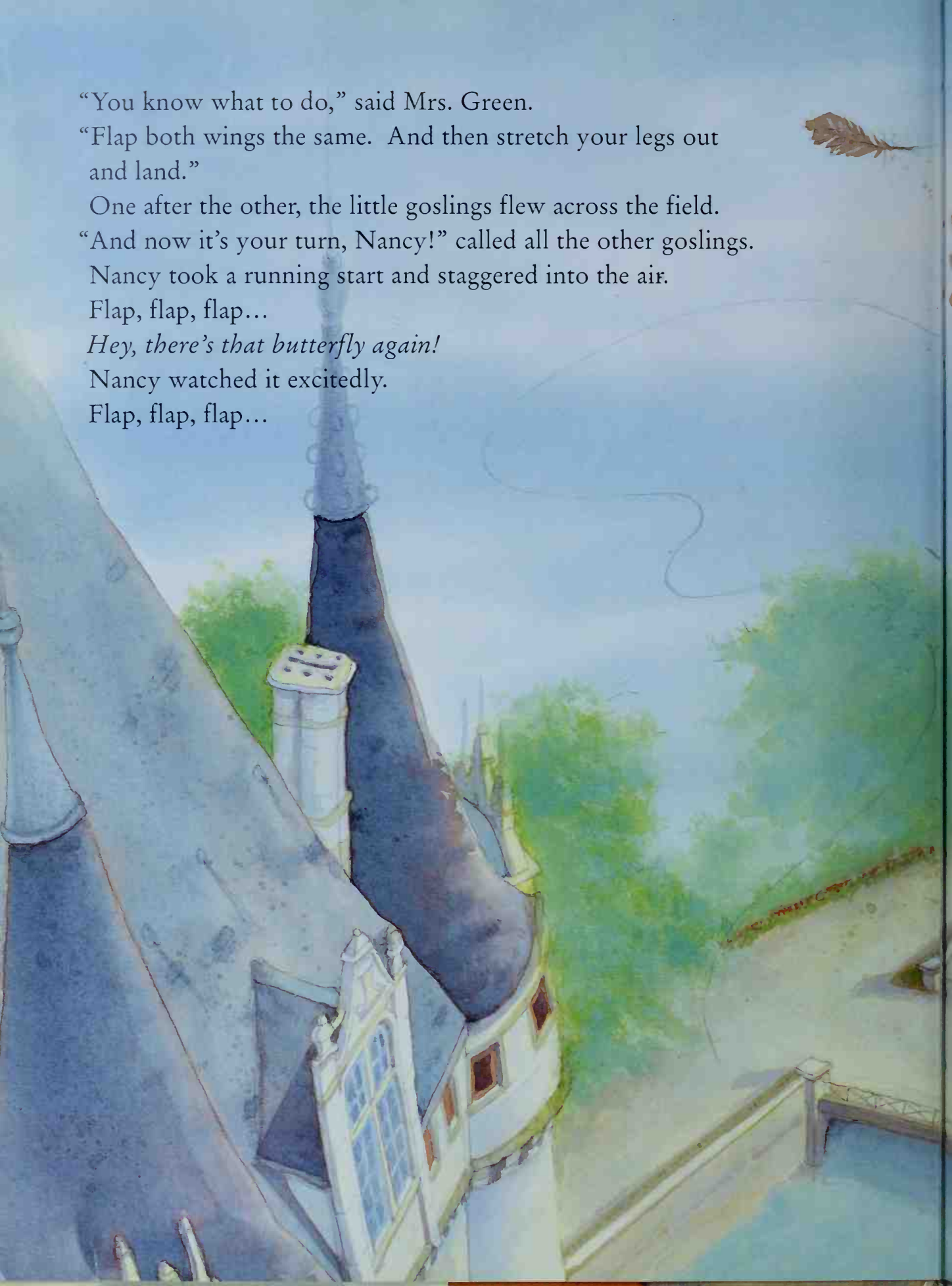


"Get in single file. It's time to waddle across the field!"
announced Mrs. Green. "Left foot first. And begin!
Left-two-three-four,
left-two-three-four..."
All the little goslings waddled behind her.
Well, not all of them.
Little Nancy just stood and watched.
She didn't know which foot she should
move first. Was it her left one?
Or was it her other left one?

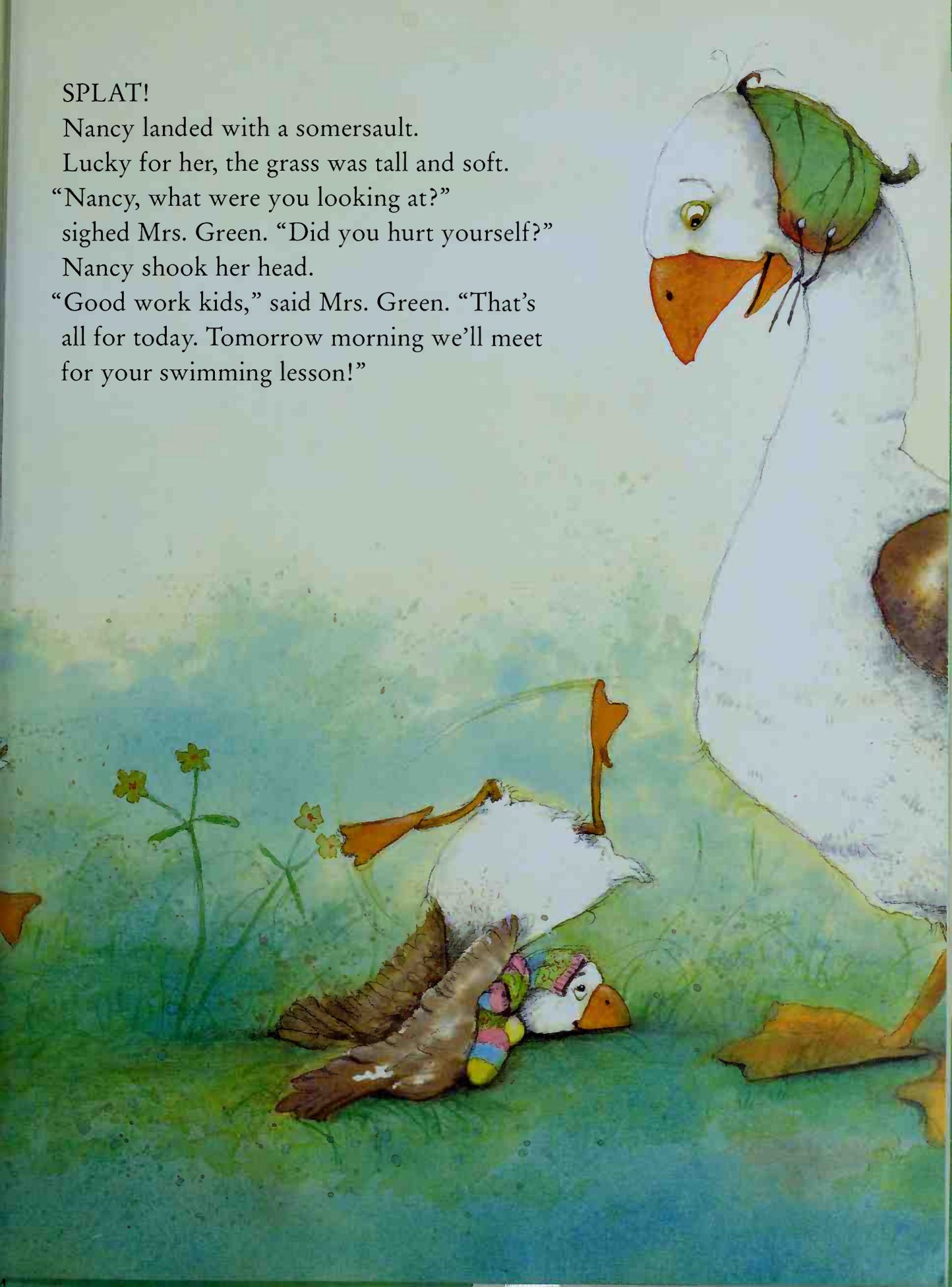
Then she saw something.
*Oh, what a beautiful butterfly!*
Nancy had never seen one like it.
"Nanc---*eee*," called Mrs. Green loudly. "What's taking you so long?
You're always the last one."
All the little goslings nodded and cackled together, "Come on Nancy.
It's time for our flying lesson!"



"You know what to do," said Mrs. Green.
"Flap both wings the same. And then stretch your legs out and land."
One after the other, the little goslings flew across the field.
"And now it's your turn, Nancy!" called all the other goslings.
Nancy took a running start and staggered into the air.
Flap, flap, flap…
*Hey, there's that butterfly again!*
Nancy watched it excitedly.
Flap, flap, flap…



SPLAT!
Nancy landed with a somersault.
Lucky for her, the grass was tall and soft.
"Nancy, what were you looking at?"
sighed Mrs. Green. "Did you hurt yourself?"
Nancy shook her head.
"Good work kids," said Mrs. Green. "That's all for today. Tomorrow morning we'll meet for your swimming lesson!"



"What? Swimming, too?" thought Nancy unhappily as she waddled home.

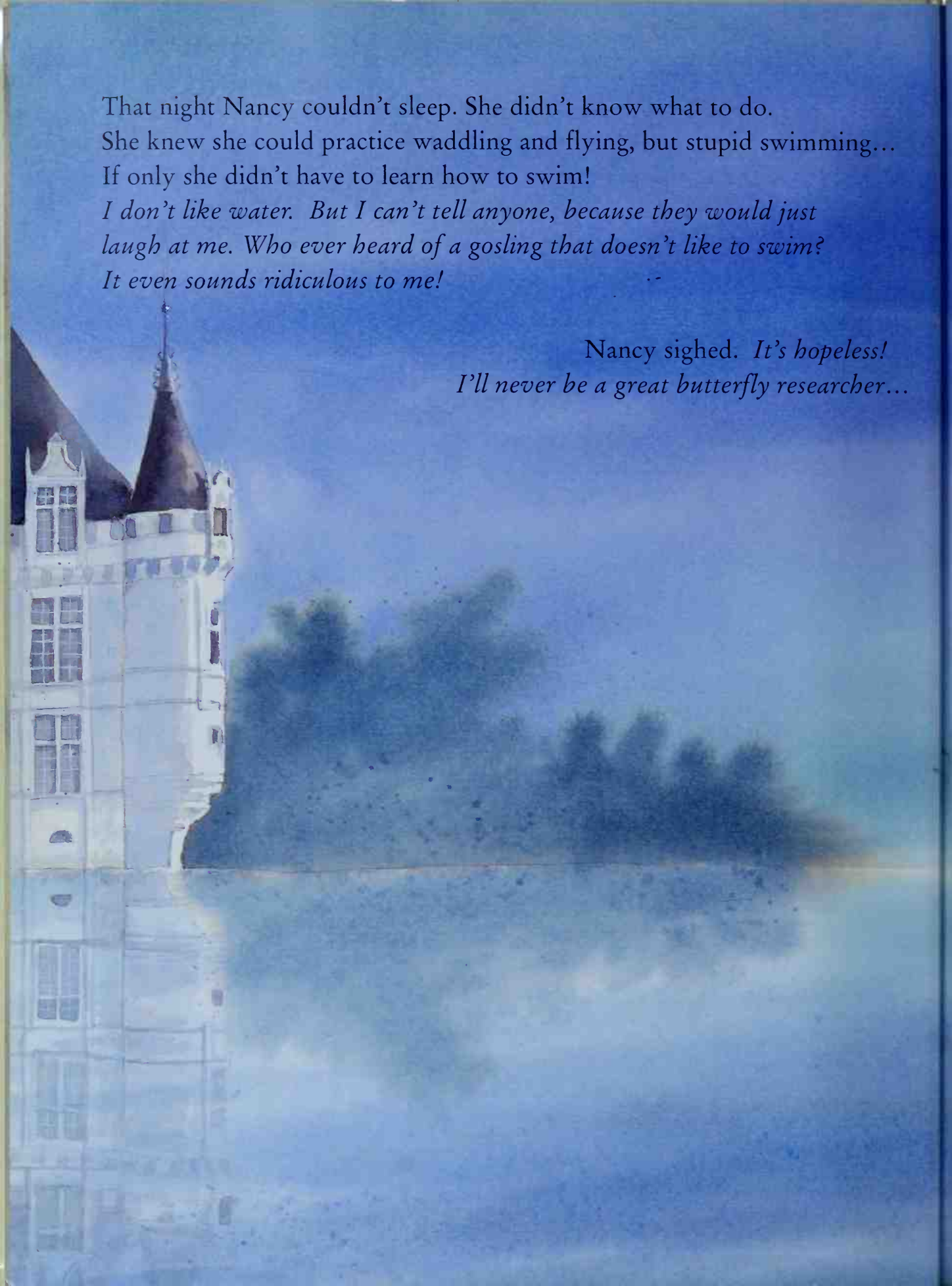
"What's wrong?" asked her mother when she saw Nancy's sad face.

"Oh, Mom, I can't do anything right!" complained Nancy. "Not waddle, not fly, and especially not swim!"

"Hmm, I'm sure it's not that bad," said Mama Goose. "What would you like to be when you grow up?"

"A butterfly researcher!" answered Nancy excitedly.

"Well then, you do need to learn how to do these things," said Mama Goose. "Or you won't be able to keep up with the butterflies."



That night Nancy couldn't sleep. She didn't know what to do.
She knew she could practice waddling and flying, but stupid swimming...
If only she didn't have to learn how to swim!
*I don't like water. But I can't tell anyone, because they would just laugh at me. Who ever heard of a gosling that doesn't like to swim? It even sounds ridiculous to me!*

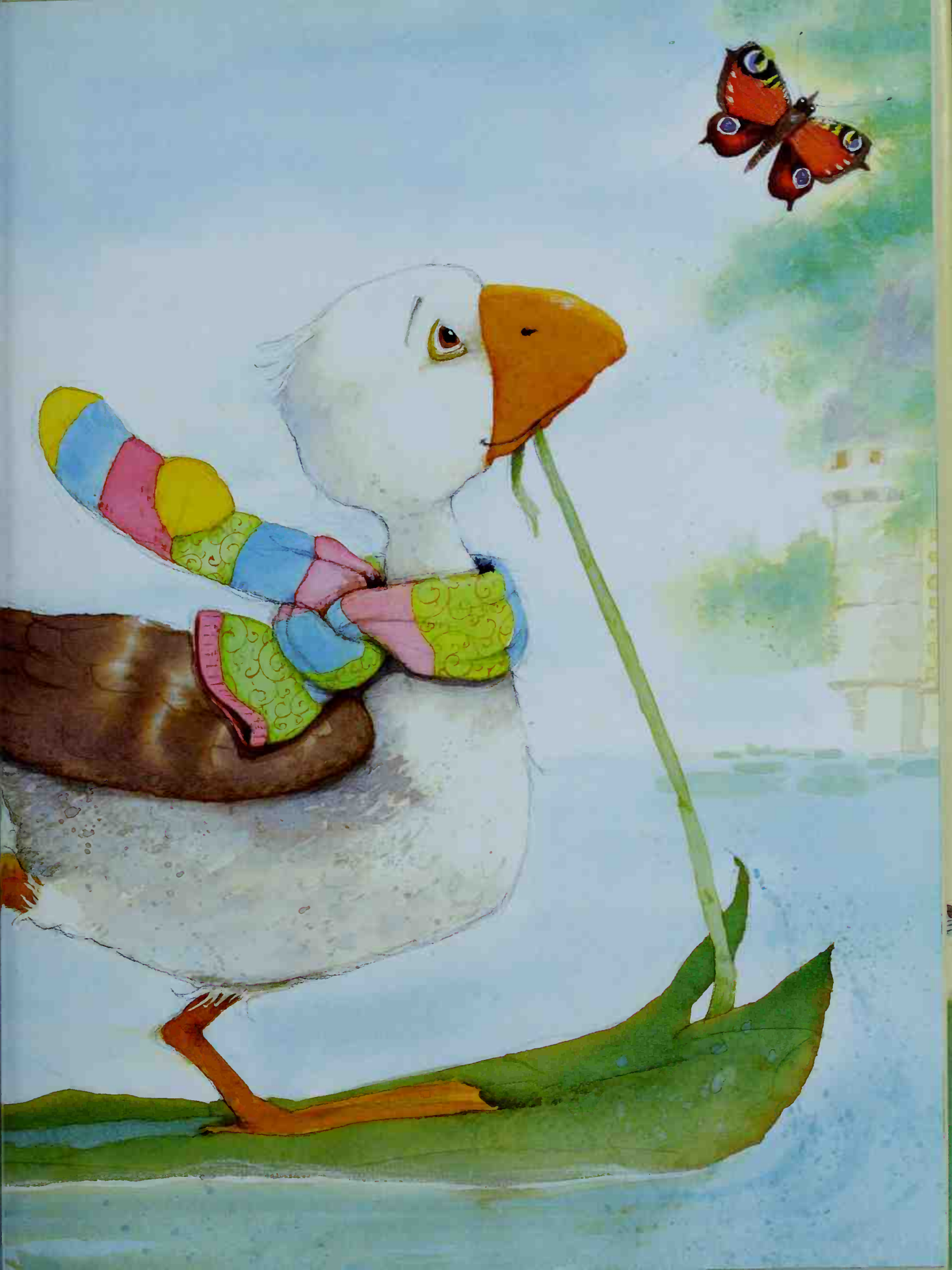
Nancy sighed. *It's hopeless!*
*I'll never be a great butterfly researcher...*

The next morning, the goslings gathered along the shore cackling.
Everybody was excited about the swimming lesson.
"Swimming is my favorite," Lucy said excitedly.
All the other little goslings called out, "Mine too!"
Well, not all of them.
Little Nancy shivered. Slowly she put her toes
into the water.
"Brrrrr, it's cold! And so wet!" she exclaimed.

Mrs. Green waddled to the front of the group.
"Okay everyone," she said. "Jump in.
Remember, one behind the other.
And Nancy, you can watch. Now pay attention."
So Nancy stood there and watched.
But she didn't pay attention for long...

There it was again... the butterfly!
Nancy jumped for joy.
"Oh, I have to see it close up.
But how can I get to it?"
Then Nancy spotted a lily pad and said,
"That would work!"

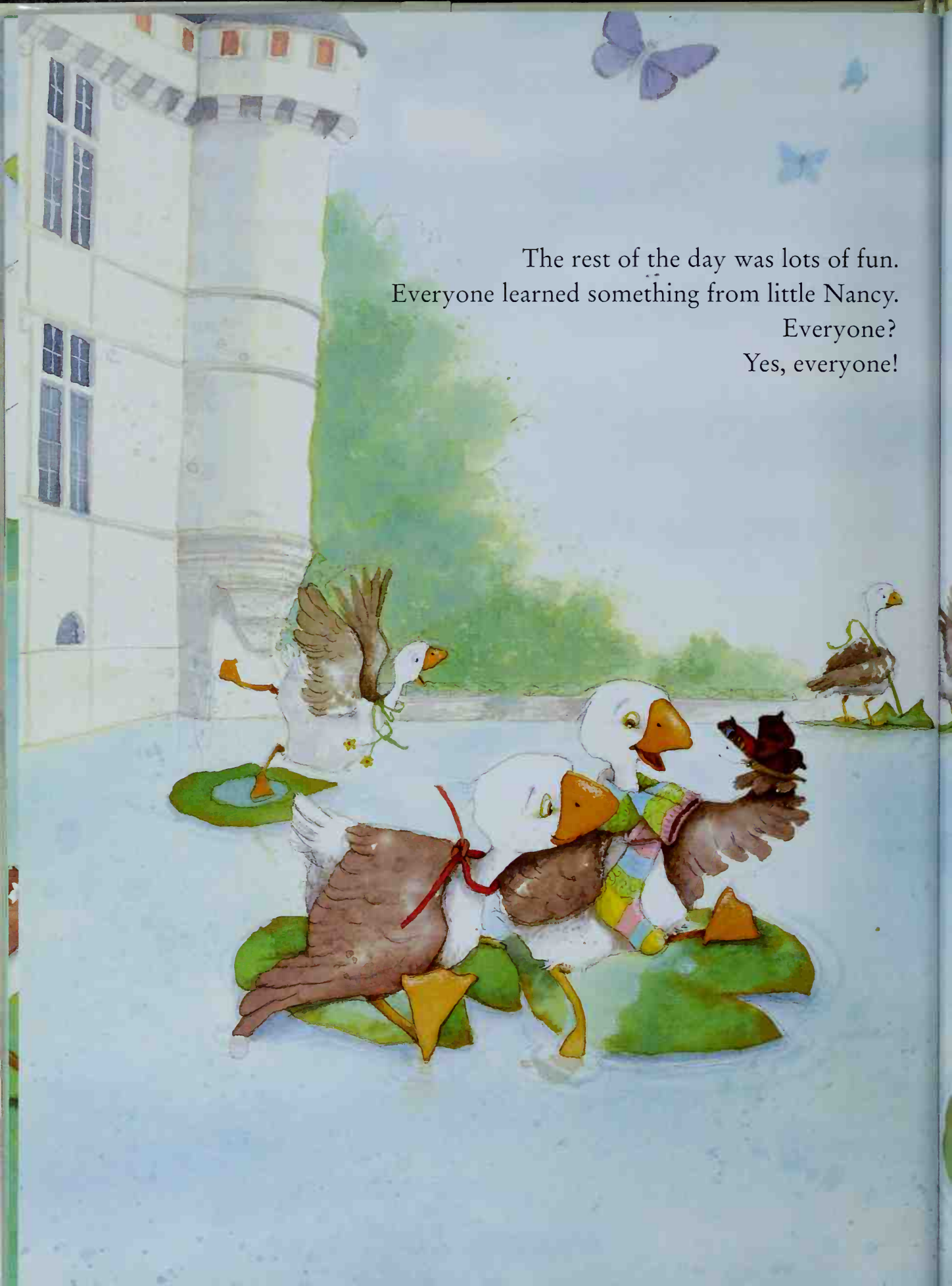
Before anyone realized what was happening,
Nancy flitted across the water.
"Mrs. Green!" all the little goslings called out.
"Look at how fast Nancy can swim!"
They all watched in amazement as Nancy skillfully surfed across the water on the lily pad.



Just before she reached it, she gently slowed down and made a beautiful curve around the butterfly so she wouldn't frighten it.

And for the first time, she saw the butterfly close up.
"You're really wonderful," she said.
"If I'm the first one to find you, I'll give you a name.
I will call you Lepidoptera Nancy."

When the butterfly flew away, Nancy happily surfed back to shore.
"Bravo, Nancy!" shouted the goslings as they flapped their wings excitedly. "That was fantastic! How did you learn how to do that?"
"How? What?" Nancy was confused. "Oh, you mean leaf surfing!"
"Yeah! Can you teach us how? Please!" the goslings asked.
"Of course I can," thought Nancy, glowing. "Would you like to learn something about butterflies, too?"



The rest of the day was lots of fun.
Everyone learned something from little Nancy.
Everyone?
Yes, everyone!

Eve Tharlet was born in France, but she spent most of her childhood in Germany before returning to study art in Strasbourg. As the illustrator of the popular Davy books, Eve's art is recognized all over the world, and is beloved by children and adults alike. Currently she lives in Priziac, France.

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